

WAR CRY



VOL. X. No. 7. [General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, NOV. 18, 1893. [REDACTED E. BOOTH, Commander for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

SELF-DENIAL



French
Cadet
in
Self-
Denial
Week

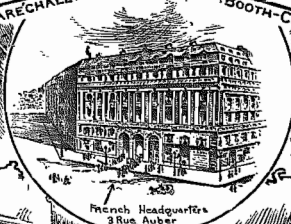


COMR. BOOTH-CLIBORN

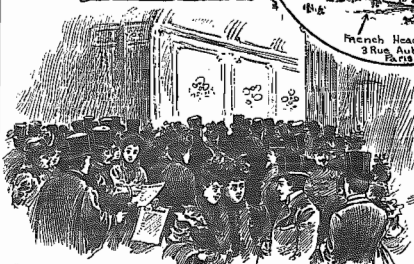
LA MARECHALE.

IN THE
FRENCH

AND
SWISS



French Headquarters
3 Rue Aubert
Paris



"En Avant" calling outside the French Theatres.



The Barracks barred Against them in Switzerland.

REPUBLICS.

1000

General's Speech

AT THE
Memorial Service of Mrs. Booth,
HELD IN THE
AGRICULTURAL HALL, LONDON.

A Blessed Finish.

Knowing a little of what the service must have meant to him, and of the memories and recollections that the pictures were having called back, thousands of hearts are to the front of the platform, ready, as ever, to do his best for the people, regardless of himself.

Lit by one small star of gold, his form stood out clear against the darkness; and in the almost breathless silence that succeeded the shouts of welcome and low, diverse rang distinct and audible, even to the outskirts of the crowd, and we felt how only the two were united in the same spirit, but in the same Spirit, and led by the same God, though in the same Jordan's waters rolled between them.

The General said:
My DEAR COMRADES AND FRIENDS—
I see with no other purpose of heart
—than just you, "God bless you!"
(Answering sobs.) "God bless you!"
I cannot help but thank you for this
the first of your estimation, my beloved
wife; nor can I refrain from thinking kindly
to all who here listen to her words,
who, to the extent, are interested by her
memory, and who, in any shape or form,
or to any extent, are searching to

Follow in Her Steps.
My mind tonight, as you will readily
understand, is too much crowded with
the memories called up by these reminders
of my dear wife, and I feel that the
feelings which those memories naturally
cause, to make anything like a speech
possible, is almost impossible. I feel that
posting, and there is still something more
to be done, as to the matter of the
re-consecration of every man, woman and
child in the building. (Voices.) Besides,
the poor words of mine could be no more
call upon you to accept all the adoration of
the people, and to give your own heart
reversely to the doing of His blessed will,
than to do those things which are so vir-
tually portrayed on this canvas, and these
words which are so powerfully reiterated
to the mind.

There is, however, one thought which
has been powerfully present to me all the
day, and it strikes me, it will be present
to the minds of a good many here, who
are tonight. And that thought takes
the shape of an enquiry,

How Will My Life Look

when I pass back upon it from eternity?
How will I look to those of your kindred
and friends whom I leave behind me? It
may not be portrayed before their gaze as
it has been, and I feel that I shall never
but there will be memories that will come
up to their eyes when we have loved ones,
husbands and wives, fathers and mothers,
friends and neighbors. And when they
think upon it, and recall to mind, what we
were, what will their feelings be towards
us? I know what our feelings are to-
wards them, and I know that we know
very possibly, look down upon us from
heaven, and say, "We know what we know,
say, what our thoughts are about her career
what will the thoughts of those who
we have left behind be about us?"

Here is another enquiry that has been
burning in my mind. How does my life look
to-night? What sort of an impression
does it make upon your heart, when I
think upon it; when I consider it as my
pillow in the darkness of the night, in the
passage of the world's trials and miseries. I
stand from this platform, now does your life
as you view it at this hour—your business
life, your home life, your inner life, your
secret heart-life, the life you live which is
not looked upon by God, but which is
by the angels, and by your own inward eye?

What sort of satisfaction does it give to
you?
Oh, my friends, not only do I ask you
here, in these few words, what about the
you, here lived and are living, but
what about the measure of life that you
be before you? It may not be many years,

it may not be many months, it may not be
many hours, it may not be many minutes.

What Will You Do With It?

What shall be done with the life, the love,
the LIFE, that is yet in your possession?
Oh, tonight, I exhort you, with the
memory of the finished work of Jesus Christ
in your thoughts, that you present that
life to Jesus Christ; that you give it with-
out reserve; in the consciousness that it is
the damnation of our generations and
the life of the world, the life you give
live it the shop, in the kitchen, in the
parlor, or wherever it may have to be
done. "Oh, Lord, Thou shalt have it
to-night!" Jesus Christ asks for it, He
wants it, He will do it with it, He will
put that you will lay it at His feet, that
He may consecrate it with His Spirit, wash
it with His blood, and that He may, there-
after, make you meet to be partakers of the
inheritance of the saints in light.
How many are there here who have been
"going to" give themselves right up, as
they would do if they were on their dying
bed, intending to do it, meaning to do it
for years gone by? When shall I be? I
When, when, WHEN! Shall it be to-
night? Shall it be before we part? Will
you come along and

Give Your Life to Jesus.

not only that He may take you to the
skies, wash you and present you to the
Father; but will give you yourself to Him
for service in this poor dying world that
He lives just as much as He just as strongly
as when He hung on the bloody tree,
as shown in the picture which is placed
before you. Will you give your life to
this poor, distracted world and give it,
not only good words, and good things,
sings, but your life? God help you! Christ
asks, you. He shall have me for ever and
ever, and to the extent, are interested by her
memory, and who, in any shape or form,
or to any extent, are searching to

Follow in Her Steps.
The General's speech came the closing scenes of
Mrs. Booth's life. Look it in the face as
"the" Clifton House of Rest, "The
Vestibule," and finally, a small
likeness of herself in her last illness,
propped up by pillows, and gazing at us
from above, as if she were to be close to
death. What this scene hung before us,
and a death-like stillness reigned, Captain
Booth's voice rose clear and strong in the
beautiful solo, written by the Commandant
commemorating the service.

"To the grave—the crown we dwell;
A warrior gone—but a heaven to dwell;
With the church,
Through the blood of Christ, I know that she was;
Lately, and I know that she was;
We shall meet one another again."

The effect was indescribable, as the song,
with its clear and distinct melody, the song
turned all hearts and thoughts away from
earth, and into the world of the spirit. The
singing, and the scene which was shown
on earth, and where some of our comrades
and a few faces before us, we looked on to the
scene that was not far distant.
A few minutes

Words on Self-Denial.

an announcement, received with great ap-
plause, that the collection taken at the
service, as this life has been tonight, but
there will be memories that will come
up to their eyes when we have loved ones,
husbands and wives, fathers and mothers,
friends and neighbors. And when they
think upon it, and recall to mind, what we
were, what will their feelings be towards
us? I know what our feelings are to-
wards them, and I know that we know
very possibly, look down upon us from
heaven, and say, "We know what we know,
say, what our thoughts are about her career
what will the thoughts of those who
we have left behind be about us?"

The Wives and Children of the Coal-Miners.

and a few loving messages to foreign com-
rades brought us to the closing part of the
third hour, and recall to mind, what we
were, what will their feelings be towards
us? I know what our feelings are to-
wards them, and I know that we know
very possibly, look down upon us from
heaven, and say, "We know what we know,
say, what our thoughts are about her career
what will the thoughts of those who
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There is another enquiry that has been
burning in my mind. How does my life look
to-night? What sort of an impression
does it make upon your heart, when I
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pillow in the darkness of the night, in the
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as you view it at this hour—your business
life, your home life, your inner life, your
secret heart-life, the life you live which is
not looked upon by God, but which is
by the angels, and by your own inward eye?

What sort of satisfaction does it give to
you?
Oh, my friends, not only do I ask you
here, in these few words, what about the
you, here lived and are living, but
what about the measure of life that you
be before you? It may not be many years,

NOTES BY SOLDADO.

On English comrades across the Atlantic
are ardently going to look and strong for
Self-Denial. General's article on "The
Institution of Jesus Christ" must have won-
derfully helped matters forward.

- 1.—There is no Christ without Chris-
tianity.
- 2.—There is no Christianity without
Christ.
- 3.—You cannot have Christ without the
Cross.
- 4.—There is no way by which you can
have fellowship with the Master in His
redeeming work except by way of the
Cross.
- 5.—But why the Cross? There is no
other way by which God can create
the perfection of character which
God wants in His people than by the
Cross and the Crucifixion! Then
there is no other way by which we
can reach and save the souls of men.

The General goes on to show that the
Cross is of Christ means that we acknow-
ledge Him, stand by Him, follow Him in
the suffering of the cross when it signifies
the loss of money, friends and kindred,
trailing on in the face of discouragement,
slandering, and misrepresentation, not
only from enemies, but from friends,
holding on to the work even when friends
fall, recognizing our service, understand
our devotion, and return us evil for
good.

The General quotes that beautiful verse
of St. Paul, and forbids that I should
mistake the Cross as the Cross of our Lord Jesus
Christ.

- (a) There must be a heart for it, a
Divine heart, a Christ heart, other-
wise it would be impossible to desire
ourselves.
- (b) We must deliberately give ourselves
to the Cross. Look it in the face as
"the" Clifton House of Rest, "The
Vestibule," and finally, a small
likeness of herself in her last illness,
propped up by pillows, and gazing at us
from above, as if she were to be close to
death. What this scene hung before us,
and a death-like stillness reigned, Captain
Booth's voice rose clear and strong in the
beautiful solo, written by the Commandant
commemorating the service.

A WEEK OF THE CROSS.

Now, Self-Denial Week is within view.
We want it to be a special week of the
Cross. In other words, we know full well,
as we have said, that we shall ought to be
Weeks of the Cross. But they are not,
and we want every man, woman and child,
and friends of the Army, to do some special
bearing on this special week. Will you con-
sider how little about you have come in this
day; how little you have given up for His
sake; and that the poor, dried world
around you, how little, very little Self-
Denial, and how many of you who are
David said, when negotiating for the purchase
of more clothes for my dear wife, and
and Lord, "My, but I will surely buy it of
this price; neither will I offer burnt offerings
unto the Lord my God of that which doth
cost me nothing." So David brought the
thriving sheep and oxen for fifty shekels
of silver. Now, will you give the Lord the
best of your heart, and the best of your
make it a Week of Self-Denial, and
let the Lord, and the Lord's people, profit
by it.

We often get new reports. Suppose we
look at an old one that appeared in one of
our sons years ago. Without assuming
meeting. "I feel that I have some loving children
and friends abroad. Give them my
motherly and salvation love. Tell them
I look on them and care for them as I do for
my own children. Being Christians, we
cannot be strangers. We must in the
one great family of all true sinners, our
living Lord."

What all who freshly consecrated them-
selves were invited to stand to their feet,
while singing,
and it is no exaggeration to say that nearly
all the assembled thousands rose.

"Take your own heart."
followed, a few more words, and then with
the doxology, and the memorial service, and
crowds departed, feeling that once again
had only children Army Mother been the
means in God's hands of blessing, teaching
and inspiration to thousands.

You have made many a pair of boots and
shoes to give! "I should! Why not make a
pair during the Self-Denial Week and give the
proceeds to the fund?"

"A DOOR OF HOPE."

GOOD CHEER IN A DUCHIED LIFE.

Amid the many discouragements in our
work God does not leave us without cheer-
ing proofs that our "labor is not in vain in
the Lord," for while we praise Him,
and joyfully, gladly toil on, trusting that
He will further us in reaching a door
of hope to our unfortunate sisters, as
standing with the emblem of His love their
sufferings increased.

Some three or four months ago a very
respectable appearing young woman among
our homes as a place of refuge in time of
trouble. Her feelings were those of utter
wretchedness and despair. The toll that
her life was blighted, and a dark pall had
fallen over all her bright hopes for the
future.

She had brought disgrace upon her
friends, and she felt that in consequence
she could expect from them only scorn and
contempt, and death seemed to her far
preferable to the life of disgrace she felt
must follow.

In the Wake of Her Sin.

With something of the feeling with which
a drawing man catches at a straw she had
turned her steps towards our Home.

The first morning of her stay with us, as
we rose from prayer, when she said to her
heart would break, and the matron
sustained her, and she said to her
room, trying to point her to the Lamb of
God, who would cleanse from sin, and won-
derfully came over her great misfortune to
work for her eternal good, if it were the
means of leading her to yield her life to
Him, changing her worldly aims and ambi-
tions into heavenly ones, and setting her
sinner's affection on things above.

We prayed and pleaded until light came.
Jesus had spoken the "Peace, be still."
Then she rose from her knees, and a look
which had but just before been bathed in
tears, expressive of the deepest grief, now
beaming with the joy and peace realized in
the new-born soul.

During the weeks that followed she
proved the reality of her experience by her
consistent life, and she said to her
heart, "Hallelujah! all in the Home by her
unselfish regard for others. She is now in
good situation, cheerfully working for the
support of her little one."

A few evenings since we were present at
a meeting in the Home, and this was her
testimony: "I cannot begin to tell all
that the Lord has done for me, nor how
much I thank Him for leading me here. I
did not know it at the time, but as I look
back over it now I can see His hand in it
all. When I found I was in trouble I was
often tempted to put an end to my life by
taking some Rat Poison."

which lay on the parlor shelf where I was
stopping. It must have been God who
kept me from it. Then when I felt I must
go away from everyone who was con-
stant to the station not knowing which
way or where I would go. I then consented
to go to the Home, but now I feel that it was
God in love directing my steps. Through
the papers I soon got a situation, where I
remained for a few months. During this
time my mistress told me of the Salvation
Army Rescue Home, and I went. I do
thank God for my experience with Rat Poi-
son. Had I gone to my friends there would
have been much said which would have
made my trouble far harder to bear, but
here there was nothing. I was

Self Deceived.

Many refuse the invitation of Jesus to be-
come His disciples because of the crosses and
self-denial which He mentions. He plainly
declares He follows men unto death. But
these who are self-deceived, who violently
decline to follow a master who imposes on
them heavier crosses, more painful labors, and
more bitter afflictions than death, and withal
a heavier yoke. Have the drunkard, the
prostitute, the worshiper of mammon, or
any other class of unbelieved gained sight by
their own eyes, as Jesus said, following
another master? The whole vast crowd of
rejectors of Christ are deceived.

THE WAR CRY.

7

SELF-DENIAL

BY
STATE APT MARSHALL
New York.

I
A weeping widow, by the silent bier
With broken heart, bereft and desolate;
Her wet eyes looking to a future dear
Through clouds of darkness, storm of sorrow great.

II
A little lad, to cheer the stricken heart
With childish confidence and sunny face;
His grateful love shall soothe bereavement's smart
And daily show the Heavenly Father's grace.

III
A thoughtless youth, misled by comrades gay,
In paths that lead to death and endless woe;
But at God's feet his mother prays and prays
That she may see his life as white as snow.

IV
A kneeling sinner at the Mercy-seat
With load of sin and drugs, and chains, and care;
A waiting Saviour there that soul to meet,
And in him answer mother's patient prayer.

V
A loving man providing for all need
In tender faithfulness and earnest toil;
From care and sorrow by the Saviour freed,
The lives of both are crowned with corn and oil.

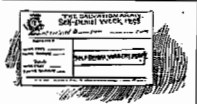
VI
A soldier forward called to warfare at the front
By order of the Christ, the Lord of War
The trumpet sounds, that battle's fiercest brunt
May fall upon him where the need is sore.

VII
A grateful mother, weeping as she yields
To God's great War her treasure and her crown;
Her Lord accepts and lo, on mighty fields,
Her son, victorious, gains for God renown.

Getting saved
Coming home drunk
Evil companions.

Illustrated
as an
Ogilvy

Illustration of a man in a military uniform, standing at attention, with a large 'X' over his face, symbolizing self-denial.



The Envoys for the War Cry Money.

Condensed Corps' Contributions.

OTTAWA.—Grand times here. Coffee served, large crowds, evensong begun. A. N. B. ...

STAYNER.—Sunday, a day of prayer; report from ...

CHILLIC.—Upgraded meeting on Wednesday morning ...

WYCK TOWN.—Sunday, we had ...

HALIFAX 1.—Our open-air are grand ...

THRENS.—Adjutant Taylor has paid ...

ST. JOHNS II.—Stimms are still returning ...

PORT JUVEN.—Farewell service here ...

BELLEVILLE.—During the past week ...

MONTREAL 1.—This corps is doing well ...

HARDOR CORPS, NYA.—On Friday ...

WYCKMARKET.—Farewelled from ...

VERNON.—Farewell service ...

GODERICH.—During the past month ...

VICTORIA, BATHURST CORPS.—On ...

MORDEEN.—Good crowds; good meetings ...

ALUETTE, N.D.—Just finished a week ...

NEW GLASGOW, N.B.—The Life and ...

DARTMOUTH, N.B.—Although this is a ...

The Envoys for the Collecting Box Money.

My Furlough, AND HOW I SPENT IT. BY STAFF-CAPTAIN HEN. BEAD.

Almost eight weeks ago I returned since I arrived in Halifax, after a trying fifty hours on the sea, for a few weeks' furlough ...

STAYNER.—Sunday, a day of prayer; report from ...

CHILLIC.—Upgraded meeting on Wednesday morning ...

WYCK TOWN.—Sunday, we had ...

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The Envoys for the Collecting Box Money.

FROM LONDON TO HEAVEN. Sister Mrs. Smith Goes to Receive Her Crown.

Death has once more broken into the ranks of London 1. Corps, this time to remove from our midst our sister, Mrs. Smith ...

STAYNER.—Sunday, a day of prayer; report from ...

CHILLIC.—Upgraded meeting on Wednesday morning ...

WYCK TOWN.—Sunday, we had ...

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The Envoys for the Collecting Box Money.

FROM COTTAGE TO MANOR. Her Name is on the Roll.

Death has visited this place once more, and taken from our midst dear Mother Conroy, who was only sixty and seven years of age ...

STAYNER.—Sunday, a day of prayer; report from ...

CHILLIC.—Upgraded meeting on Wednesday morning ...

WYCK TOWN.—Sunday, we had ...

HALIFAX 1.—Our open-air are grand ...

THRENS.—Adjutant Taylor has paid ...

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The Envoys for the Collecting Box Money.

SUCH CHANGES! WHERE CAN HE BE?

"Change and death are all around I." "Yes, but what changes are there?" "The Kingdom, with the exception of the word 'dear'."

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CHILLIC.—Upgraded meeting on Wednesday morning ...

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The Envoys for the Collecting Box Money.

WANTED AT ONCE!

DAVIDS AND MIRIAM'S

To Offer Themselves as Candidates for the Salvation Army Work.

Themselves are hurrying off to darkness and sorrow who have a precious soul. Something worth of truth that are being led captive by the devil.

God! He will be one who will gladly risk to the devil's front and offer yourself!

God! He will be one who will gladly risk to the devil's front and offer yourself!

God! He will be one who will gladly risk to the devil's front and offer yourself!

God! He will be one who will gladly risk to the devil's front and offer yourself!

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God! He will be one who will gladly risk to the devil's front and offer yourself!

What I Lost By Becoming an Ex-Officer.

1. I lost my object in life; the only object that I had.

2. I lost my peace of mind, and sound heart; I thought people had wronged me.

3. I lost the sense of right relation with the world; I was not doing things the way I should.

4. I lost the sense of right relation with the world; I was not doing things the way I should.

5. I lost the sense of right relation with the world; I was not doing things the way I should.

6. I lost the sense of right relation with the world; I was not doing things the way I should.

7. I lost the sense of right relation with the world; I was not doing things the way I should.

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11. I lost the sense of right relation with the world; I was not doing things the way I should.

12. I lost the sense of right relation with the world; I was not doing things the way I should.

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16. I lost the sense of right relation with the world; I was not doing things the way I should.

17. I lost the sense of right relation with the world; I was not doing things the way I should.

18. I lost the sense of right relation with the world; I was not doing things the way I should.

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FROM THE SIMON ENSIGN.

A FUNERAL AND A FAIR.

Special times have been the order of the day of late. A funeral and a fair.

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LOOK OUT FOR THE NEW ALMANAC!

TESTAMENTS

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Salvation Songs.

A Meditation on the Way from
Frankfort to Mrs. Booth's
Memorial Service.

BY COMMISSIONER RAILTON.

TUNE—Bright choruses.

1 What hosts of warriors gone before
Have conquered through the blood,
And through the witness that they bore
Before they went to God.

CHORUS.

Bright days there are,
Bright days for you and me,
For all who live their God to please,
Bright days of victory.

The love of Jesus filled their hearts,
To save poor souls they fought,
The faith that conquering power imparts,
For all His blood has bought.

The world will shudder, hate, oppose
Christ's true disciples yet,
But while Love's mighty river flows
The victory we'll get.

Through darkness we must follow on,
Toss in the dark He died;
The conquerors who before have gone
Off in the fire were tried.

Let onwards seek an easy way,
And win the praise of man;
Cross-bearing—dying day by day—
To still the conquering plan.

(Written for the choir on the back of the envelope
(last brought) my train here from Berlin a quarter of an
hour before the train started from Frankfurt.)



G. COMPANY, 2ND BATTALION BRITISH ARMY, FRANKFURT, S. HESS.

DEAR BROTHER, I have read with great pleasure one
of your War Cry articles and I am glad to hear
you too. I have passed them on to my sick brethren in the
hospital. It is a great comfort to me to read of your
travelling on you in Canada, and we sometimes pray for
you, though you are over 10,000 miles away. Hoping
the original song may be in use, and before we see and
hear of your continued blessing.

I am, yours in Jesus,
EDWARD ARTHUR H.

TUNE—This is why I love my Jesus.

2 Stop and listen, weary sinner,
Would you from your sin be free?
Hear the voice of Jesus calling,
Haste, oh sinner, haste to Me.

CHORUS.

This is why I love my Saviour.

You have tried the world's allurement,
But have found them all alloy,
Tempter grows the devil's bondage,
None but Christ can give you joy.

Will you not then, sinner, listen
While He pleads with you to-day?
Hasten to the crimson fountain,
He will wash your sins away.

Demits and fears now bring no terror,
With your load of sin and care;
At His feet now cast your burden,
Rise in faith and leave it there.

He will guard you, help and keep you
As you walk the narrow way;
By His power and grace can make you
Pure and holy every day.

Too Short to Waste.

BY WM. HODGE.

TUNE—Garrison, Bright Canaan.

3 'Tis said life is too short to waste,
I'm going to the Land of Canaan;
Death's on your track, so come, make haste,
Will you go to the Land of Canaan?

CHORUS.

Canaan, bright Canaan, etc.

There they don't spend their hair in sin,
I'm going to the Land of Canaan;
No tears, no sorrow, here no sin,
Will you go to the Land of Canaan?

They do not wear their hair in bangs,
I'm going to the Land of Canaan;
Nor curl it with the crimping tongs,
Will you go to the Land of Canaan?

The Queen City's Welcome

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COMMISSIONER RAILTON

AND THE

New Canadians!

A WEEK OF OUT-AND-OUT SALVATION!

Brigadier de Barritt, Adjutant Jewer and the New
Canadians will visit

LIPPINCOTT STREET,	Tuesday,	November 14
LISGAR "	Wednesday,	" 15
YORKVILLE "	Thursday,	" 16
DOVERCOURT,	Friday,	" 17
ARTHUR STREET,	Saturday,	" 18

A GLORIOUS SUNDAY AT THE TEMPLE!

THE GERMAN COMMISSIONER

WILL favor us with a visit on

Sunday and Monday, November 19th and 20th.

THE CANADIAN COMMISSIONER WILL BE WITH US.

BRIGADIER DE BARRITT, the Toronto Provincial Secretary, will assist.

Monday Morning, 10.30 a.m.—Officers' Meeting. Headquarters' Staff, Local Field
Officers, Rescue Staff, League of Mercy, and all Cadets and Candidates.

The Great Commissioning Meeting

At 8 p.m. in the Temple. The New Canadians will be commissioned. All Toronto
Salvationists unite on Monday. Don't forget the Grand Open Air Meeting
at 7 p.m., corner Adelaide and Yonge.

They don't wear feathers on their heads,
I'm going to the Land of Canaan;
But walk 'neath heavenly bowers instead,
Will you go to the Land of Canaan?

Their adorning is not outward show,
I'm going to the Land of Canaan;
But all their hearts are pure as snow,
Will you go to the Land of Canaan?

Don't forget Self-
Denial Week!

Come Home to Jesus

BY SERGEANT MAY LAMB, FREDERICKSBURG.

TUNE—My Jesus hear the Cross alone!
4 Soldier, wandering far from God,
In sin and misery,
The Saviour bids thee welcome home,
Thine pardon now for thee.

CHORUS.

Thine pardon now for thee.

(Repeat.)

Reckless, once you loved to pray,
And sing of One above,
And told to sinners all around,
Your Saviour's wondrous love.

Although you have refused His grace,
And spurned His tender care,
You may have pardon, joy and peace,
And dwell with Him up there.

My Experience.

MRS. T. ANGLE.

TUNE—Just before the bottle, mother.

5 Once my heart was red and wroth,
Sins of years had made it so,
But I heard that Jesus suffered,
Blind and died for sin and woe.

CHORUS.

Yes, there's joy in saving Jesus,
For He is a friend so dear,
And though earthly friends be distant,
He is always ever near.

Once I went into the barroom,
There I heard the story told,
"Though thy sin be red as crimson,
Jesus love will be sold."

Then my soul seemed so crowded,
Oh, I felt the bitter sting!
But a voice so gently whispered,
"Shelter 'neath thy Father's wing."

Trembling at the form I waited,
With my load of sin and grief,
And the Saviour whom I'd sighted,
There He gave me sweet relief.

Now I am an Army soldier,
'Neath the Yellow, Red and Blue;
There I'll fight till Jesus calls me,
Sinner, you may enter too.

Yes, there's pardon full and plenty,
At the Cross where Christ has died;
Whoever comes need not
Fear lest they should be denied.

Waiting.

BY FREDERICK MARGOTT.

TUNE—Living beneath the shade of the Cross.

6 Poor soul, cur'd by sin, and bound for
the grave,
With but a few chances thy dear soul to
save,
How foolish to drift with that treacherous
wave,
Waiting for God's salvation.

CHORUS.

Waiting won't save, nor lessen sin's dross,
Waiting won't help you to take up the
cross,
By waiting your chance to get saved may
be lost,
And all your hopes of salvation.

Waiting in day-time, waiting at night,
Waiting till darkness is chased by 'the
light,
Waiting until there are no foes to fight,
To get your God's salvation.

Waiting improvement your soul to pre-
pare,
Waiting reform to help you "get there,"
Waiting for feeling before you declare
You're determined to get salvation.

Waiting means misery, doom and despair,
Waiting ne'er helped for heav'n to prepare,
To wait is at best a wretched affair,
The useless to wait is vain.

(Composed while waiting for the train.)

Notice to Torontonians!

During Self-
Denial Week
Officers and
Soldiers can
have Board and
 Lodging at the
Workman's
Hotel for \$1.00
the week, or
Self-Denial
Board only for
62c.



Any Officer or Soldier can
split wood at the Woodyard,
Wilton Avenue, and get 75c
per cord, cut and split. Sister
Officers and Soldiers can get
\$1 a cord for split hardwood.

If you live a long way from
Wilton Avenue you can split
it at home.